

THE SHAKER MANIFESTO.

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PLOD ON.

MARIA L. SHULTZ.

Plod on, brave soul, to thee as to all others
Will come the final, promised rest at last;
Thy life-toil over, and thy journey ended,
Its dangers narrowly, but safely passed.

Plod on, brave soul, on thee as on all others
Will shine the gen'rous sun of God's good
will;

What though thou ploddest slowly, they are
wiser

Who walk with care, nor try to run up hill.

Plod on, brave soul, for thee as for all others
The blessed rains of Heaven's love will
fall;

Then do not faint and fear, but be all mindful
Of Him whose loving care is over all.

Plod on, brave soul, 'round thee as 'round
all others

Will close the shadows of a dull despair;
Yet cast not down thine eyes, but lift them
skyward,

The bright Hope-star is beaming out some-
where.

Plod on, brave soul, 'bove thee as 'bove all
others

Will flash the lightning, will the thunders
roar;

But, afterward the sweet and gentle wind-
harp

Of Peace, will tell thee that the storm is
o'er.

Plod on, brave soul, o'er thee as o'er all others
Will burst the Golden light of Heaven's
day;

Ah! then be hopeful, steady in thy climbing,
From doubt apart, and from the night
away.

Plod on, brave soul — nor weary in thy plod-
ding —

On thee will rest as much of God's true
grace

As upon him whose feet unwary runneth,
The swiftest in this life's uncertain race.

Plod on, brave soul, what if thou gainst the
summit

Not all at once, nor first doth reach the
goal:

God will not care as long as thou'st walked
truly,

Hast climbed in Faith, and kept a patient
soul.

Plod on, brave soul, to thee as to all others
Will come the final, promised rest at last;
Thy plodding over, and thy life march ended,
Its dangers narrowly, but safely passed.

Canaan, N. Y.

BETTER AND BETTER.

WM. H. BUSSELL.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

TENNYSON.

Eternal life, in the Christian sense, means
not merely endless existence, but perpetual
growth in knowledge, in wisdom, in grace

both external and internal, and in love, which includes reverence to the infinite Creator and to all who are formed in His likeness. Education in its full sense means nothing less than this. Like the gospel of Christ, it is for all human beings without distinction of sex or color. Opinions may differ, as they have differed, whether a monarchy, an aristocracy, or a democracy is best adapted to human social needs; whether this class or that class, this person or that person should exercise the elective franchise or not; but no individual man or set of men, whether styled the aristocracy or the democracy, has the right to lay a straw in the way of human progress or, in other words, the attainment of eternal life.

Absolute right lies in the Divine intention, and that, according to the Christian doctrine, must accord with Infinite love. But human intentions and human acts, whether expressed in the form of law or otherwise, do not always accord with this. Not even the democracy, that has often been so clamorous for rights, has had regard for the absolute right. This name of democracy has seemed to serve a good purpose for awhile, until many who had founded their ideas of human rights on the teachings of Jesus began to suspect that it was used only as another term for slavery of the very worst kind. One needs not go back a century of European and American history to prove the truth of this statement. Names become perverted from their original meaning and sometimes come to signify its very opposite. The Christian name has been obliged to bear that very disgrace; obliged, because many of those who bore it displayed a character and conduct the very reverse of what was borne by those who first assumed it. So Voltaire, referring to Jesus Christ, could exclaim — "crush the wretch!" In his estimation the name was synonymous with bigotry and fanaticism.

But why attempt to confound ideas that are naturally and necessarily distinct from each other? "Each thing in its place is best." Intellectual conceptions are one thing, the inspirations of spiritual life are another. Ideas, if in accordance with truth, are good in their several places. A concep-

tion cannot take the place of a life, but it may lead to a life. The conception of God, however feeble at first, may lead, by prayer, to the very life of God. Cherish the beginnings of all good; no matter if they are feeble, they will ultimate in perfection after a sufficient time. Clearness of the eye-sight is good — the clearer the better. So is the faculty of hearing; so are all the human faculties. It is better that each one should have his own eye-sight than be dependent on that of another. It is far better that each one should be able to exercise all his own faculties than be dependent on those of others. This is a mere truism, but it lies at the foundation of all mental, moral and spiritual growth. The young are entitled to the sound possession of all the faculties, whether external or internal, that appertain to human beings. But human ignorance, the parent of human vice, often deprives the young, in the very outset of life, of the use of some one or more of the senses or of the mental faculties so necessary in this the first stage of their existence. Doubtless the infinitely Wise and Good has methods of compensation in "the better land," but oh, the pity that so many should be shut out from the blessed light for many a dreary year, and that so many should be unable to listen to the sweet sounds that fall so delightfully upon other ears! It is true, human benevolence has done much to mitigate these misfortunes; but if a hundred years of existence upon the earth properly belongs to each one of us, then it is well deserving the attention of the philanthropist and the scientist to ascertain how this may be effected, and effected in such a manner that life may be regarded by each as a blessing rather than a wearisome burden. This may, indeed, be regarded as a task beyond human capacity. If it is beyond present capacity, yet it is not beyond that to be developed hereafter. Years are often consumed in the development of things intended for mere material convenience. How much better is man than a machine? But the old adages will apply here — "Preventive is better than cure." "Begin at the fountain to purify the stream." Will it be said that it cannot be accomplished? That these are

mysteries which belong to God alone? They belong to Him no more than all departures from rectitude, whether physical or moral. Those who have the faith of Jesus who bids his disciples pray — "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven" will not say it cannot be accomplished. If sufficient faith to effect this is not now upon the earth, then it is time to renew the prayer, with more fervor than ever, — "Lord, increase our faith" Divine power can effect this and infinitely more, but the human must co-operate with the Divine; and when the co-operation is continuous, the knowledge will "grow from more to more," and what have heretofore been regarded as miracles will be the common experience of life.

HARMONY OF GOD'S UNIVERSE.

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE.

Men and women of brilliant intellect are not always the most profound in wisdom. It is important that large talents be well poised, equally balanced, lest those who possess such gifts, if they perchance to rise to a high eminence, either through vain ambition or want of sound principle and fixedness of purpose, miss their aim and fall; and the higher the ascent, the greater the fall. Hence it is far better, and safer, to seek to be *just*, than to be reputed *great*, and obtain honor through wealth, position or fame.

Knowledge, under the guidance of true wisdom, is safe, pleasant, and profitable; and enables its possessor to avoid much of the misery that is the product of ignorance and want of discipline and self-culture. But human life, in its best cast, is unavoidably fraught with many dangers, vicissitudes, pains, disappointments, and sorrows; and they who are the most strongly allied to earthly idols feel those conditions the most keenly; and such persons are apt to think that material substances, which are the most tangible to the outward senses, are the most real; while those things accessible only to the inner soul senses are vague and unreliable.

One of olden time, when he saw the in-

iquity, injustice and inequality existing among men, and that "the race was not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, neither bread to the wise, nor riches to men of skill," came to the conclusion that "Time and chance happen unto all," and that there was no arbiter above or beyond. Others who reason more and have brighter glimpses of an interior, far-reaching soul life, conclude that all existences in the rudimental sphere have a destiny to fill, according to an overruling Providence that shapes and guides, however we may will it. Others, again, believe that the power of choice is given to every intelligent human being, and by the power of that choice, we mark out our own pathway, and decide our own destiny.

One point is quite evident: — the strongest, brightest intellect, and largest powers of receptivity ever given to any mortal being would amount to very little without the added knowledge of personal experience and the experience of others. Thus we all find ourselves debtors to the wise and unwise. The power of choice, to a very marked degree, is given to every one; and we may learn by observation how to make a wise application of the good and virtuous examples of others, and also how to avoid the misdoings of the vicious and ignorant; and by thus doing, to a large extent, we shape our own destinies.

It is true that more or less we are creatures of circumstances. Some, however, have the intuition and will force to control circumstances, and act somewhat independently of them, instead of being controlled by them. Hence it is that what are called *self-made* men and women are generally esteemed in society as worthy of honor and trust; and when elevated to positions in National councils, more confidence is reposed in them, as a general rule, for the reason that they have been able to guard their own honor, and maintain their personal integrity through adverse circumstances; and have evidenced strength of character, and firmness of purpose, quite beyond those who are born to a fortune and reared in the lap of luxury, and tenderly fed and nursed, without feeling the stern hand of necessity

and want laid upon them, and being disciplined thereby.

How true it is that "God never made an independent soul!" that is, absolutely independent. All through the realms of His vast creation we find the laws of dependence operative; and taken as a whole, productive of life, health and growth; while abstractly considered, there could be no healthy result; but disintegration and decay would speedily follow.

The seas could not be navigated without the aid of canvas, steam, or other propelling force. The soil could not be tilled without some kind of utensils adapted thereto; neither could artificers perform their work without instruments of proper shape and form.

The rolling ages that are numbered with the past are all witnesses of God's excellence, His wisdom, majesty, and power, and how perfectly He has impressed His autograph even upon the smallest leaf and flower, so that the whole creation is as one musical harp, attuned to His praise and honor, and in harmonial accord with the great heart of humanity. Even the prophets and sages of the past—who struggled through dark days and long nights of bitter persecution, when ignorance and idolatry formed thick clouds which lingered in the minds of cruel oppressors, and nerved them to strike deadly blows—found solace and peace, in the dungeon and on the rock, through the voices of angels who touched the golden lyre and caused them to hear triumphal songs that lifted their spirits above mortal pains and sorrows, and made them able to render praise in the midst of devouring flames.

Those days are past, although some of the shadows, like specters, still appear upon the walls of the temples in Babylon; but are powerless to act in this enlightened age of progress and liberal ideas.

Would Solomon, if he were with us to-day, attired in his kingly robes, with all his accumulated knowledge of men and things, be heard to say that "Time and chance happen to all alike!" If, guided by the light of science and the spiritual and divine revelation of the nineteenth century, would he

not be led to the conclusion that life in this rudimental sphere is but a prelude to the life beyond, one step as it were in the grand scale of being? And that although justice and judgment are not speedily executed, according to our perceptions, still in the coming future all things will be weighed and measured according to merit or demerit?

Science, whose home is in the brain, when alone, is cold, and tends to criticism; but when consociated with true religion of the heart, and harmonious and just relations are established between the two, then there is a genial warmth produced, beneficial to soul and body, and humanity at large reap the fruits; and the forces created and brought into active operation by the united effort of conscience and intellect combined, although unseen by mortal eyes, cause growth and development, and are rich in results.

Science, to a large extent, at the present time, seems to work unaided by the religion of the heart. Its mission appears to be to break down and demolish old structures, and show the crudities and absurdities of long-established creeds of doctrine, and how flimsily they are constructed. It is much easier to be an iconoclast, even if one is forced to strike hard blows to accomplish the purpose, than to be an effectual builder.

CALL OF THE SPIRIT.

OTIS SAWYER.

Let me treasure joys eternal,
Let me drink of waters pure;
Let my love in God be boundless,
Build upon foundations sure.
More in earnest, be devoted,
Consecrated heart and soul,
Ev'ry moment filled with breathing,
That God's power may through me roll.

Never period more momentous,—
Louder ne'er the spirits' call —
Lo a voice is heard from heaven:
"Zion rise both great and small,
Shake yourselves from sloth and slumber,
Shake from selfishness and pride;
Talents which the Lord has given,
No more in a napkin hide.

"Let the self-exalted spirit
Fall before the throne of God;
Let the doubting, double minded,
Cleanse their hands, and with God's word

Cut asunder flesh and spirit,
That a piercing light of truth
May reveal their false position,
And in honesty come forth.

"Fleeting, fading, evanescent,
Are the alluring scenes of time;
Carnal joys in pangs resulting,
Sink the soul in sin and crime.
O, for strength to lift the fallen—
O, for balm to heal each wound—
O, for faith by which to waken,
That they hear the gospel sound.

*Feigned your love to God in heaven,
If you fail the least to love,
Of your brothers or your sisters,
With a pure angelic love.*
O, let earnest prayers be offered,
That conviction, like a wave,
May roll on and touch each conscience,
Sure to quicken, strong to save.

West Gloucester, Me.

UNSATISFIED NEEDS AND CRAVINGS.

CHARLOTTE BIRDSALL.

The unjust system of society has produced caste and class, depriving many of the rights and needs of life, and bestowing upon others more than their equal share. The laboring, producing classes are the most depressed by those conditions, and are rendered unable to obtain the physical necessities of life sufficient to give them strength to perform their daily task, and are forced by circumstances which they cannot change to plod on their weary way year after year with a scanty pittance of food and clothing, barely enough to sustain life, sometimes striving to accept with reconciliation what seems inevitable, and at other times despairing and *despising* their lot, and even *cursing* their existence.

Painful are the tales of human suffering caused by poverty and unmet needs, which engender disease, and produce premature death. They touch the cords of the heart that can feel and awaken sympathy, and call forth compassion. From children we hear the sad story, "Oh, we were so poor! Mother had to sell her shawl to buy a loaf of bread. Father had to pawn his coat to get some supper for us!" And parents are heard to say: "We were obliged to work nearly all night to support our family, and

but little time to rest." Others have so much of material wealth that they live without labor and luxuriously spend time and money.

But we find that human beings, as at present, are a curious compound, made up, in a large degree, of inconsistencies. Some of the poorer classes, such as above referred to, are so accustomed to a certain routine in life that it is difficult to change their condition in society with profit to them, or satisfaction to those who would seek to benefit them. Uneducated, and unused to mingling in social relations with others on a higher plane of life, they do not know how to appreciate blessings that may be offered to them. If we undertake to introduce them to community life, where all toil together for the benefit of each and all, and in common, share the fruits of that consecrated labor, many soon forget their former condition of servitude and want, and show a lack of appreciation by complaining. They become so refined in their appetites and cravings, that they are not satisfied with common food and clothing; and they look with jealous eyes, and murmur if they are not soon made equal with those who have consecrated all their powers, for many years, to lay a foundation, and build the home which they are invited to enjoy without money or price. Such are quite ready to say: "Oh, I thought Shakers were just, and believed in *equality*!" Thus many times our efforts to do good prove ineffectual.

We cannot censure individuals alone for this condition of things. Society has fostered the worm that gnaws at the vitals, and destroys the life-germ, and lowered the standard of justice, and generated imperfect ideas, which produce their legitimate fruit. It is easier to depict the ills of humanity, than to remedy them, we frankly acknowledge. Indeed we fail to see a remedy except through Divine agency. We need an outpouring of the Holy Spirit that will take effect upon all classes, the rich and the poor, to convict them of sin, of righteousness and of judgment, a rekindling of pentecostal fires that will cleanse souls from sin and burn up the lusts of the flesh and mind, and create a new and [fill the hearts of the

children of men with longing for spiritual food and clothing; the *real* instead of so much of the artificial.

Now, as in times past, just in proportion as we place our affections upon earthly objects, and fill the mind with those things which please the senses merely for the present, we close the door of the heart against the inflowings of the divine and heavenly, and are spiritually poor and destitute. The pages of the past bear record, that whenever those who were called and chosen to bear witness for God began to descend earthward, instead of looking upward and trusting in Him for aid, they lost their power and became as fallen stars. Let Zion unite as one in the prayer of faith and ask for living bread to supply the soul's needs.

LAW.

PRENTISSIANA.

"Law is a rule of action prescribed by a superior, and which an inferior is bound to obey."—*Blackstone*.

So far, so good — but who is the superior, and who the inferior?

In barbarous ages and countries, the biggest fighter, the conqueror, is the superior, the conquered are the inferior.

In half civilized ages and countries, the few, who by some kind of *hocus pocus*, grasp the land and the learning, are the superior; the many are the inferior, in the eye of the law.

When humanity so ascends the progressive grade that the many are disposed to do right, because it is right, the many are the superior; the few not so disposed are the inferior.

As units of a nation, or state, it is our duty and right to be subject to the laws of that nation and state. It will do us good.

In a religious community, the constituted authority, spiritual and temporal, acting in harmony, each in its order, are the superior; we don't need an inferior.

Entering the community, not by compulsion, but of our own volition, it is our highest privilege, as well as duty, voluntarily to square our lives by the rules of the order.

It takes the conceit out of us; fits and prepares us for the Holy Eternal Father and Mother's Mansions of Eternal Brightness. We'll bless our saints; and who has a better right to?

RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

M. J. ANDERSON.

We are living in an age of activity. The force that acts upon mind and matter is electric; thought, permeated by this subtle element, is destined to move the world to higher planes of existence.

The increasing liberality of the present time is a happy promise of the near future when sectarian bigotry—the bane of religion—shall have been swept away by the tide of intellectual expansion and true Christian faith, resulting in brotherly love.

Christianity, misinterpreted, has failed to meet the needs and aspirations of man's interior spiritual nature. While ecclesiastical councils have spent centuries in contending over abstruse doctrines, engendering hatred, strife and bloodshed, they have shut out from their sacramental communion the living, loving Christ, in all the simplicity and heavenly beauty of his life example; leaving poor hungry souls to starve on husks of theologic creeds, devoid of the spirit that giveth light and understanding even to the most simple.

Religious sentiment is changing, evolving new forms, wherein shall dwell a nobler spirit and a higher law than has as yet found expression among professed Christians. The great heart of humanity begins to pulsate to the dictates of reason, justice, and benevolence. Dying, beyond resuscitation, is that power that has molded mind in the narrow limits of soulless systems of dogmatic belief.

Great men and true women are clasping hands, and standing side by side, in work that pertains to the common interests of society and civil government, without questioning each other's differences on religious points. Acting out the genuine spirit of religion, they find that it needs no formulas of expression; it is that element of good-

ness, God-given and inherent in every human heart, that wells up and flows out in sympathy, charity, forgiveness, and love. It is a divine emotion, or principle, which, set in action, is sure to bless the world.

Declining faith in the mere externals of religion speaks of a broadening basis in the intellectual, as a support for the spiritual structure, that shall meet the growing demands of the race. Ordained ministers, preaching less of theologic mystery, and more of practical truth, are awakening to an acknowledgment of the good that is being done by so-called infidels, who speak plainly and pointedly against the great evils that are the outgrowth of the coercive spirit of sectarian bigotry. Editors send good sermons through the secular press, commenting wisely on social, civil and moral obligations in all the transactions of life.

The noble work of the illustrious Thomas Paine is being better comprehended; harsh opprobrious words of slander and obloquy are softening to truthful and appreciative utterances. The living spirit filled with the glowing inspiration of truth must prove iconoclastic when its battery opens on ecclesiastical fortresses, which are now tottering to their very foundations. But let us not mourn their dissolution. "I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal," is the work of the Good Spirit acting through appointed agencies for the uplifting of humanity. Disintegration and reorganization is a law of nature; change is inevitable as a sequence of action.

Reverential tendencies cling to old forms, and souls whose limited vision and devotional feelings prescribe a certain bound, look with sadness upon what they deem modern innovation of materialistic philosophy, which they fear is going to turn their cherished institutions upside down, and leave them no ark of safety, or city of refuge, but send them adrift on a sea of confusion and doubt; such do not see aright. Fossilized and incrustated forms of belief are giving way by reason of internal pressure, and burst just as naturally as does the crystal or shell when the butterfly or bird are fledged for a loftier flight.

No great truth, whether enunciated by

Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, or Jesus, will ever be lost. The grandeur and stability of moral principles outlive all forms, ceremonies and traditions, only on them as a basis can mankind hope to successfully build any structure that shall stand the crucial test of analytical science, and in which all peoples shall harmoniously blend in the worship of the good, the heavenly and divine.

Religion and science, handmaids of the Eternal Prototype of man, shall go together; and with living, loving hearts, teach the higher laws of life in things natural and spiritual; 'till a fullness of God's blessing shall crown the earth, with the new age of peace, prosperity and universal love.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

JESUS BETRAYED.

LUCY S. BOWERS.

"If there be a crime
Of deeper dye than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis ingratitude."
And again,
"To thine own self be true
And it must follow, as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any one."

From what we can learn through scriptural record of the life of Jesus, and the time in which he lived, we can but sorrow at the sufferings he endured, and wonder at the depravity of a race which could not produce even twelve individuals who would be true to the trust, or to human liberty.

It would seem that at the time of the feast of unleavened bread, Jesus endured his severest trial. Judas Iscariot was claimed as one among the number held sacred and dear, through ties of faith and holy friendship; but being led away by his own passions, and perhaps by outside circumstances, he became darkened in his understanding, and rebelled against God and his own soul, and sought through various means to betray his spiritual guide and Master. He was tempted, as were many others, and sold himself for money.

We conclude it was somewhere about the middle of the month of March, that Jesus and his disciples seated themselves at a table supplied with bread and water only; but

sufficient for him who had endured hunger, trial and hardship, without home, or even where to lay his head, and felt the darkness around, and the perils impending over him; he refused to eat, but divided the substance among the guests, at the same time not only intimating his forebodings, but actually stating his impressions in these startling words. "Behold, the hand of him who betrayeth me is upon this table; and truly the son of man goeth as it was determined; but woe unto that man by whom he is betrayed."

We can hardly imagine the condition of Judas' mind when those words were uttered; but vice is always added to vice; and here with the rest began to inquire, which of them should be guilty; they were contentious and highly agitated, whereupon Jesus exemplified his Christian character, and calmly remonstrated with them. He sympathized especially with Simon, and predicted Peter's denial of Him, of which Peter was perhaps himself at that time unconscious.

Soon after he and his band repaired to the Garden of Gethsemane, which was at the foot of the Mount of Olives, as was his wont. And in his awful, yet tranquil condition of mind, which quite compared with the twilight darkness of the hour, he exhorted them to pray that temptation might flee from them! How traitorous and unworthy to bear the name of disciple were they who thus hardened their hearts, and could harbor within their breasts such inhuman and treacherous feelings!

While yet upon his knees, he supplicated his Heavenly Father to let the cup pass by, at the same time acknowledging his entire submission to his fate, or what seemed to be his Father's will.

He realized the presence of comforting ministering spirits around him, and his agony so operated upon his physical tissues, that it produced bloody-sweat, which is said to have fallen to the ground.

We know not how he became informed of his imminent danger; unless through his clairvoyant faculty or other mediumistic gift, he was enabled to perceive the near future, or to discern through the conduct of his disciples, their gradual fall from true integrity. "Little by little the sinner falleth;" which

may have been very apparent in that instance.

And again, as the time advanced we are still more deeply impressed with the fearful recklessness of the carnal mind. When Jesus, amid his tribulation, so plainly manifested, paused between life and death, and observed those around him, who seemingly with consciences benumbed, and hearts devoid of human affection, were overtaken with sleep, still possessed of the same Christ-like spirit, he kindly warned them against evil temptations; while at the same time the betrayer drew near to embrace him, which, being feigned friendship, was worse than the strike of a deadly foe. He was not deceived, but perceived the meaning of the action, which was understood by those around. It was the signal to be given when the multitude should have gathered, and it accomplished the plan. He was subsequently led away captive; and soon after Peter verified the prophecy in his false and willful denial. He seemed to have been convicted of his wrong, and wept bitterly upon recollecting the words spoken at the table some time previous, which we must conclude he did not understand, or was blind as to its real meaning.

From that time the persecution of Jesus increased, which terminated his earthly career, by his crucifixion upon the cross. We ask: Is it any wonder that Judas sought death, when he felt the stings of a guilty conscience which must have followed him night and day?

Jesus is not the only man who has suffered martyrdom for truth's sake; but his meek and humble deportment commends itself as worthy a great leader in the spiritual work of God on earth for coming cycles of time, and also of our admiration and praise.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

"It is fashionable in some localities to be very proud of ignorance, as if ignorance were one of the virtues. Some one said to John Wesley, "Ah, Mr. Wesley, God has no need of any man's learning." Mr. Wesley replied, "No, friend, and he has far less need of his ignorance."

FRATERNAL SYMPATHY.

WEST GLOUCESTER, Cum. Co., Me., }
April 1, 1881. }

MY DEAR SISTER EDITH:

Your sister correspondent in this place with much kindness of heart asks me to write you a word of sympathy, and so I will. It seems that you, with others, have been called to make a sacrifice of one who was very dear to you by the ties of nature as well as by Christian love and friendship; but as your faith is so well grounded in gospel soil, and your feet planted in the sure way, this trial will be far easier for you to bear than if you were thus left in the Earthly Order; this is one of the blessings which our community life gives.

I very well remember when I was a little girl, the parting scene between my oldest sister and myself and brother. She entered upon spirit life; we were left to walk life's rugged paths with our faithful sister Fannie considerably older than myself, whom I shall always love and bless for her kind sisterly care. Well, my sister, what I wish to impress upon your mind is this: When your younger sister was called away by the angels to her final home, you did not have to bear this sorrow alone; but you were encircled by kind, loving mothers and angel sisters, who not only met you face to face, but walked with you and talked with you, and each word of comfort was a dew drop of gospel affection. You loved her and so did they. She was your sister by the ties of consanguinity, and theirs and yours by the stronger ties of virgin purity and love. She may have been doubly dear to you as a sister, because you had each taken the yoke and cross, and had promised to be true; this was beautiful indeed; that pledge was witnessed by virgin souls in the other life as well as this. And let me say, my precious sister, you must never lose sight of that pledge. You and your companions will undoubtedly have as severe struggles with the enemy as those who have gone on before. You will hear the same old story about the pleasures of a worldly life, its wonderful charms and great and glorious privileges; but you must remember this very same story has been told to hundreds and to

thousands before either you or I ever heard it. If you have never ascended that high mountain, with the tempter just ahead of you, drawing you upward by smooth words and self-pleasing promises, you will be taken there, for there was never a soul who started in the straight and narrow path but has climbed that mountain, and from its topmost rock looked out upon the glories of the world and heard that voice charmingly say, "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me" etc., etc. But if you are only able to say as Jesus said, "Get thee behind me Satan; for it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve," then and only then will you have achieved a great victory worth more than all the honor and applause of this world.

You, as one of a band of young sisters, are wonderfully blessed with beautiful examples of peace and purity; and it seems that you cannot be otherwise than good.

My love to yourself, your loving Elders, and all the dear ones in your home. I always call Canterbury my home, the home of my early youth.

Affectionately,

MARY A. GILLISPIE.

EDITH CASWELL,

Canterbury, N. H.

SHAKER STATION, Ct., *April 3, 1881.*

MY GOOD SISTER EDITH:

Once more I yield to my corresponding proclivities. To-night as I sit writing I listen to the winds singing as a requiem to a dying year. So swiftly the months have fled I can scarcely believe another year gone. Yet so it is, and all in vain we question, whither? Silently the days came, and as silently they went again. Each day brought its joys, its sorrows, its temptations and its victories. If some were darkened by errors or passions, others were bright and golden with good deeds, and angels must have sung a gladder song because of them. But whether dark or whether bright, all are gone now. I would remember the past not for idle grieving nor repining, but that I may make the present and future better.

To-night, while all without is wrapped in

silent darkness, I think of the treasures the year has taken from us. Some are gone whom we held dear, and vainly do we watch for their coming. It seems but yesterday, though it was in July, that we did the last sad work for our worthy elder, Thomas Damon. For long years he had stood in "front of battle." We knew he was growing old, yet so hale and hearty he seemed we had hardly realized he had reached three score years, and fain would we have kept him longer. We love to think of the life he lived here, so quiet and unostentatious, but so potent for good. If every good deed and kindly thought here formed a flower in the pathway beyond, how beautiful, how rich in sweet perfumes, must be the way along up the hill to God for all such as he. Better than earthly fame or riches, better than the high-sounding praise of men, are the treasures in heaven, and rich indeed is he who may claim such a heritage. How could we bear the heavy trial and bereavement but for the comfort, consolation and hope God has given in the past, and still so constantly gives in the present? But whoever is taken from us our duty is plain before us and must not be put aside. There is no time for murmuring. We must work while the day lasts, for the night cometh on ere we are aware, and we would not it should find us with empty hands. We must not put off until to-morrow what should be done to-day. We feel that the past year has been good to us; so we let the old go into the great silence of the past, and welcome another year with thankfulness and trust. O how swiftly our time flies! and how precious it is. God, who is most liberal in all other things, is exceedingly frugal in dispensing this, for He never gives two moments together, nor grants us a second moment till He has withdrawn the first, still keeping the third in His hand, so that we are uncertain whether we shall have it or not. Wise indeed is he who can take the little moment as it comes, and make it brighter ere 'tis gone. What need there is of constantly watching and working. It is what we do with the little moments that determine our lives; according as they are spent, usefully or selfishly, will the account

stand. The sheaves we are gathering moment by moment are those we must bear home when the call comes for us. With just the graces and virtues that grow in us here must we begin life there in Heaven—nay, we may begin that life here if we will, for time and eternity are one, and the Kingdom of Heaven is within. Let me try in every truth so to live that each to-morrow finds me farther advanced than to-day. This is true living; this alone will bear the perfect fruits of our Father's and Mother's kingdom. I would unite in firmer faith, in all that is good, beautiful and pure, and seek anew for the sure upbuilding of the self-denying work in the year untried awaiting us.

Still would I be your struggling, cross-bearing brother,

DANIEL ORCUTT.

IS CHRIST YOUR SAVIOUR?

The question of importance to you is not, are you a Christian, but is Jesus Christ your Saviour? These two questions may seem to aim at the same point, but they involve very different processes of mind, and therein consists the superiority of the latter over the former. Your salvation must not rest on what you are, but on what your Saviour is and does. If you look at your self to find the ground of hope, you will never be satisfied unless you are deceived.

But if you look at Jesus, you can see reason enough for hope. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; not Christians, but sinners. If you are a sinner you may be sure you are one of the very class Jesus Christ came to save. The question, Am I a Christian? has troubled many an anxious mind for weary years; and the more the inquirer has pondered it, the less hope there seemed of its settling. But there need be no such trouble in settling the question. Is Jesus Christ my Saviour? Whom did Jesus Christ come to save? Are you one of that class? Do you want him to save you? Is he able to do so? Is he willing?

These are the questions for you. The more you look away from yourself, and the

more you fix your gaze on Jesus, the firmer your ground of hope will be.

There is a great deal of time wickedly wasted on self-examination, that might be profitably given to the contemplation of the Saviour.—*S. S. Times.*

COMMENTS :

We copy the above, not with any approval of its sentiments, but to correct all who have for years been led by such blinding sentiments. It makes *all* difference what we are personally. True, Jesus Christ came to save sinners, by teaching repentance and reformation *from* sin. Jesus proposes, nowhere, to save any *in* their sins; but to teach by example a way out of sin, where the former sinner needs sin no more. This leaving the saving work for Jesus to perform for us is a wicked and disappointing doctrine, even though it be very hoary with years. Jesus seems to say with all good reason: "Sinner, do you want salvation? Then look at my life; follow in my footsteps; and as I am saved, so you may be by the same process." It is high time that the deleterious, lying phantom of the past, which held out that

"Jesus paid it all—
All the debt I owe—
Nothing, neither great nor small,
Remains for me to do."

should be rent into nothingness. And the very sensible opposite, be learned and adopted as the truth:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
*Nay, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me*"—

and fully as big a cross, and fully as active a work of self-examination and discipline as were presented in Jesus' life.

Look upon Jesus' life; and by a strict following thereof, find the salvations of Jesus; not otherwise.—ED. MANIFESTO.]

[Remarks on the same, by C. DIBBLE.]

How strange it seems that men of professed enlightenment should give utterance to such shallow sentiments as above unless it be on the principle that they choose to shut the entrance to the kingdom, and neither go in themselves nor suffer others to enter. Our

Saviour gave as the certain criterion of discipleship and of the hope of salvation: "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." Therefore the question: "Am I a Christian? is the one of vital importance which should constantly exercise the mind of every Christian traveller. Upon the settlement of this rests the hope of our salvation, each one for one. And our souls can never look to Jesus with confidence, nor feel sure of eternal safety, only by becoming practical Christians. And the more we study to invent some project to be saved in our sins, the less hope will shine upon us. He is able to save us, and more than willing, if we by self-examination, prayer and true obedience to the life which he lived, become transformed into his likeness from day to day.

Correspondence.

EXPERIENCE AND BLESSING OF A VETERAN FATHER IN ISRAEL,

ELDER JOSEPH BRACKETT.

Dear Bro. Albert—ED. MANIFESTO:

Having been deeply interested in our beautiful and instructive PERIODICAL since the issue of the first number ten years ago, I have long felt that it was duty as well as privilege to express my thanks for your faithful and arduous labors in preparing such a rich, monthly feast for my eager soul. I more than once read through every number, soon as received, until my sight became dim, and for a few months past have depended upon kind brothers and sisters to read the soul-inspiring effusions from the able pens of devoted fellow-laborers, who, from all parts of our beautiful Zion, contribute to its columns, and from my heart breathe blessings upon every one of them, for their love of the principles of the gospel of Christ, revived by Mother Ann Lee and so clearly expressed, and for the beautiful life of her virgin followers.

My soul is enraptured in love to this pure, virgin life, and I have devotedly spent a

long life in faithful service in the house of God; and my service to Him has been in strengthening the foundations, building up and beautifying my Zion home, in being good, and doing good to others; in strengthening the weak, comforting the strong, lifting up the faltering, and trying to make the pathway of others pleasant. By these acts is my love measured to my Heavenly Parents, and to the way which leads to eternal life; and I have found exquisite and abiding pleasure in crucifying self and selfish ambition, *thus to serve the Living and true God.*

I may be pardoned in making a brief allusion to my past experience: In consideration of my advanced age this may be the last word I shall be permitted to address you while I remain upon the shores of time, and, Jacob-like, I want to bless the whole household of the Sons and Daughters of Zion, yea, and every soul throughout the land who loves truth and purity.

My father received faith in the *Second Manifestation of Christ* when I was four years old, and moved with his family to Gorham, Me., and was one of the founders of that flourishing little Society numbering between fifty and sixty souls, which in the year 1819 moved to Poland Hill to form an integral part of the Society at New Gloucester. I was born May 6, 1797, thus I was brought up and nurtured in the way of God, and at an early age wholly consecrated my soul and body, time and talents, to this most glorious work which God ever revealed to man, of salvation and redemption from the nature and power of evil; and have lived a *pure and chaste* life according to the best of my understanding, from my childhood to the present day; and my soul has tasted the good word of God, and powers of the world to come, and I daily partake of the food of angels, and drink the celestial waters of life which flow from the fountain of God. Having tested the work, by implicit obedience, I know whereof I affirm, that living as Jesus and Mother Ann lived and taught, is the only way for souls to find redemption from sin, and obtain an inheritance in their pure and heavenly kingdom.

I now find my reward more than the hun-

dred fold promised in this life, with the full assurance of eternal life in the near world to come, when I expect to complete my redemptions, and travel on to greater degrees of glory. I do not claim that my pathway has always been through flowery meads; like my Saviour and Mother Ann, deep tribulation has been my portion very many times. Not quite eighteen years old when placed in a responsible position in society, burdens increased as I grew in years, a portion still resting upon me; my duties brought me in contact with a great variety of dispositions; and heartfelt pleadings with the stubborn and willfully erring has wrung anguish from my soul, especially when they turned a deaf ear to all entreaties, and forfeited their holy birthright; and whatever the pretensions, no soul ever did, or ever will, separate themselves from the Society of the true followers of Christ for the purpose of living a higher, holier, and purer life than they are required, and may live in this sacred Institution. But, amid all the perils through which I have been compelled to pass, I can say, with St. Paul, that perils with false brethren has been the most cruel and hardest to bear.

Feeling that my days on earth are few, I would entreat all into whose care is confided the consecrated property accumulated by the labors of innocent and confiding Brethren and Sisters, to be true to their trusts, and use it as not abusing it, remembering that sooner or later they will be called to render a just account of their stewardship.

I thank God that now in my old age I am associated with a few long and well-tried friends, who have not faltered by the way; yea, and surrounded by talented young Brethren and Sisters, who treat me with every degree of filial affection, ministering every thing needful for my comfort, and I bless them every day. They are growing in strength, and already many of them are trusty burden-bearers, destined to become pillars in Society, whom I bless with every feeling of my soul, and my mantle of true devotion and entire consecration I leave to abide with them forever; and the fruits of years of consecrated labors is their just inheritance. They are all my jewels; and I

shall never cease to watch over them for good when divested of this earthly form.

Be of good cheer, the Lord has heard your prayers, and you shall yet see the bright glory of God shining round about you, with spiritual increase, which shall gladden your spirits and cause your hearts to leap with joy.

I will prophesy good to the Zion of God.
West Gloucester, Me., April, 1881.

UNION VILLAGE, April 23, 1881.

Dear Albert—I send you a letter I lately received from one Daniel Stewart, who lived at Union Village during the years of his boyhood. It seems to contain ideas so much ahead of the average individual outside, that Bro. Chas. Clapp thought you would appreciate the sentiments therein sufficiently to publish them.

WALLA WALLA, Washington Ter., }
April 23, 1881. }

Friend Oliver—It is now nearly eighteen months since I was at your pleasant village, where I whiled away some eleven years of my childhood and youth. It was after the lapse of some thirty-eight years, that I carried out the long-cherished plan of making a short visit to the home and the scenes of my childhood, and to see some of the faces of those familiar to me in the morning of my recollections.

Most of those who gave me those moral lessons to guide my feet from the snares of vice and sin, and inculcated in my youthful mind those lessons of virtue and uprightness, both by precept and example, which have been a guide to me in after life, and for which I have ever held your people in grateful remembrance, had gone to that bourne from whence none return; namely: James Smith, William N. Redmon, Henry Valentine, James Hodge, Jas. Amphlet, etc. They were all men who were moved by the sole desire to benefit others by their example and precepts.

The appearance of your village had materially changed from my youthful impressions. The fields, pastures and woodlots had shrunk more than half their original size, and the different family houses were in more

neighborly distance of each other. There were other things, however, which age had not altered and time had not dimmed. Those principles of order, harmony and fellowship which pervaded every thing, and seemed to be the governing principles, made themselves evident. The noblest principles of humanity rule your society and community. I felt that selfishness, envy and the baser impulses of the human family had no home in your Society. I have sometimes thought that a people who practice and teach such a rigid code of moral ethics—whose only and highest aim is to elevate all to a higher plane of life, and to make this existence more tolerable and worth living for; to reduce crime and misery in this world, and be a model to those who wish to live better and purer lives—could do more and better service in the cause of humanity by diffusing your principles and practices more prominently before the thoughtful and inquiring people of our country.

The first object of all philanthropists is to elevate humanity, and make man better for the part they have acted and the principles they have promulgated. When I take an unbiased view of man and see the vice and sin and misery on every hand, and find none able to offer a practical antidote against the sorrows and afflictions that beset us on every side, I have sometimes despaired of any efficient remedy. I see in your Society a way that would *lessen* the vice and misery complained of. When we come, however, to apply those principles to the ruling of this selfish world as society is at present organized, I fear all efforts in that direction would prove futile. We have not arrived at that plane where selfishness will be subservient to the well-being of society. I confess I look with a pyrrhonic vision on the future of our race. But I am glad to see the people of this country agitating the one-man monopoly of the broad acres, that our common Parent gave to man as a common heritage, that should not be used by any one to enslave his fellow-man. The God-given gifts, water, air and land, ought not to be monopolized by any one man to the exclusion of his fellow-man. I own, according to the laws of the country, some

3,000 acres of good land, which, I hold, I have no moral right to. I think like William H. Seward, that there is a law higher than the Constitution. When we look in every direction, and see the dictation of corporations and capital to Congress, with no one to raise his voice in favor of the poor, the future looks gloomy indeed.

If you will send me a few lines on receipt of this I will feel much obliged. Give my kind regards to all who knew me in the days of my youth, and my best wishes to all. My wife often expresses to me her respect and admiration for your Society, and their kindness which was apparent on every side.

Yours truly,

DANIEL STEWART.

O. C. HAMPTON.

Dear Albert—You see, our friend speaks out pretty plainly concerning the present villainy of moneyed corporations and monopolies, but it is from a standpoint of experience in the practical chicanery by which government has been, is and will be more and more manipulated by and in the interest of these infernal institutions; for he was for eight years a member of the Oregon Legislature, much of the time entirely against his own will or inclination. However, I submit all to the judgment of the Ed. S. M. whether to publish this or a part of it, or none, as may seem best.

O. C. HAMPTON.

I know not any pleasures of sense more exquisite than a draught of cool, clear water when you are thirsty; but few things are more insipid than water when there is no thirst. It is thus that Christ and His salvation are very sweet to one, and very tasteless to another.—*William Arnot.*

THE smallest crust may save a human life;
The smallest act may lead to human strife;
The smallest touch may cause the body pain;
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain;
The simplest deed may tell the truly brave;
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve;
The slightest look may make a heart to grieve;

Nought is so small but that it may contain
The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.

Editorial.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNISM

vs.

ITS MODERN INTERPRETATION.

Volumes have been, and are being written by gentle, thoughtful men and women, in opposition to the craze of late years, upon the subject of Communism. The majority of the sentiments can be very cordially accepted; but where the *destruction* of Communism as a principle is proposed, none who are believers in Christianity can acquiesce therewith. The rampant, forcible determination to divide the accumulations of the inordinately wealthy, at the risk of life and the peaceable foundations of society, should be frowned upon, deplored and verily prevented. This measure of force is a very weak one—it will never work. Let us say to those who would pattern after the discipleship of what is known as "*French Communism*"—revolutionizing, by force and bloodshed, features in society which seem unbearable to the poor and depressed: these features can be *supplanted*, by time, and reasonable persuasiveness; but they never can be *suppressed* as you propose. Apostles of liberty, of clarity, of benevolent bequests on most magnificent scales, were never so many, powerful nor effective as now. The Age of Reason and reasonable comity between the wealthy and the poorer classes has dawned, and will gradually cover the whole world with the most generous, human diplomacy. As the rising of the sun and stars is gradual, yet eventually effective over the whole earth, so is all the economy of grand

good deeds slow, but inevitable in their coming and conquering.

Christian Communism has been badly mixed with that of the modern interpretation; but no two things or systems could hardly stand more widely apart.

In Pentecostal day of old, "they were together" — came together voluntarily — "sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to each that needed; and no man possessed aught he called his own!"

Under the *civil* rules of modern society, the above is simply impossible of accomplishment. Be it remembered, that the members of the above church in making it a model for the genuine *Christian* churches that might follow, previously passed upon themselves certain resolutions which alone could or can make such a life and system possible: Before parting their individual possessions for the benefit of those in need, they *renounced the acquisitive title of husbands and wives and their partial blood relationships*; they bound themselves by the most solemn vows neither to give nor to take offense; they renounced all the carnal proclivities and vain fashions of the world, and like Him, whose disciples they claimed to be, theirs were unselfish, pure, peaceable, unworldly, virgin lives.

Now, we propose to the world at large the reasonable reflection of true Christian Communism; and of the positive, primary requirements that can alone make Communism successful or possible.

We propose to *supplant* the old system of husbands and wives; of individual possessions; of war and jealous-

ies, and envyings and family feuds; of the corrupting expensiveness of gaudy fashions, by the simple rules which guided the Communism of the first Pentecostal Community, knowing that like causes can alone produce identical results. As the "old creation" cannot be *suppressed*, let us *supplant* it with the "new creation" of Christ, having the Christ-life as our guide unto perfect, heavenly communism. And only as we approach this life voluntarily, can a reasonable, endurable Communism be possible. ☆

"PHYSICAL RESURRECTION."

We are loth to quote the familiar, but unpretty expression, "*the fools are not all dead yet!*" but so it seems; for we have lately received a neatly printed little book on the above ridiculous theme.

The intent of the author is to reassure his readers that the same body that is put into the grave or cremation pot will, in God's own time and way, rise up in perfected form, because the Bible says so. The Bible tells of a great many things which happened *once*; as instanced in the speaking by Balaam's ass; and we *have* confidently believed that circumstance never would occur again; but must now, and hence own being mistaken, when any individual attempts to force upon us the distasteful, idiotic subject of Physical Resurrection. "Who ate Roger Sherman's body?"

You often hear men of the world say of this or that professing Christian's acts, "Well, if that is religion, I do not want it." That is not religion, and no one knows it better than the faulty Christian; but religion is the same, notwithstanding the imperfections of those who profess it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THIS NUMBER

OF THE MANIFESTO contains some very excellent thoughts by our excellent contributors. One feature—that of the correspondent department, is worthy of special notice. We would also call attention to the gentle sympathy of gospel friends for one who recently lost a dear sister by the hand of the great leveler, death: and to the realization of how the harshness of the circumstance is stolen away, almost unawares. Our music is unfortunately omitted by reason of an accident unpremeditated, and by us sorrowed. It will not occur again, we intend. Once more: we ask the kindly, good sense to our appeal to “friends and neighbors.”

The Children's Grotto.

THE CHILDREN'S MUSIC.

We asked where the music came from
That made her so wondrous fair,
As she stood with the sunlight touching
Her gloss of golden hair,
And her blue eyes looked toward heaven
As though they could see God there.
“Hush,” said the child, “can't you hear it,
The music that's everywhere?”

God help us! we could not hear it,
Are hearts were heavy with pain,
We heard men toiling and wrangling;
We heard the whole world complain;
And the sound of a mocking laughter
We heard again and again,
But we had lost all faith in the music;
We had listened so long in vain.

“Can't you hear it?” the young child
whispered,
And sadly we answered “No.”
We might have fancied we heard it
In the days of long ago;
But the music is all a delusion,
Our reason has told us so;
And you will forget that you heard it
When you knew the sound of woe.

Then one spoke out from among us
Who had nothing left to fear;
Who had given his life for others,
And been repaid with a sneer.
And his face was lit with a glory,
And his voice was calm and clear
And he said, “I can hear the music
Which the little children hear.”

—Good Words,

SOWING AND REAPING.

I saw the farmer toil
On rough and rugged soil;
From early morn 'till night,
He worked with mind and might.

The year rolled on; and then
I viewed his lands again,
I found the ground well-tilled,
His spacious barns well filled.

His was a rich reward;
And yet I know, dear Lord,
He must have toiled in vain,
Without Thy sun and rain.

I thought of other soil
On which Thy children toil,
To root out weeds of sin,
And plant Thy grace within.

There is a little spot
There Thou hast cast my lot;
Thou hast consigned to me
Young hearts from sorrow free.

I've sought by toil and prayer
To reap a harvest there;
When will that precious field,
A plenteous harvest yield?

I've tried to sow Thy truth
Through many years of youth;
I've marked the tender shoot
And hoped for early fruit.

But human hearts, we find,
Like mother-earth inclined
To nourish thorns and weeds
Instead of precious seeds.

THE CAMEL AND THE MILLER.

This, it seems, is an Arab fable. Read it, and see if you can tell what it means.

Once upon a time a miller, shortly after he had lain down for an afternoon's nap, was startled by a camel's nose being thrust in at the door of his house.

“It is very cold outside,” said the camel, “I only wish to get my nose in.” The mil-

ler was an easy kind of man, so the nose was let in.

"The wind is very sharp," sighed the camel, "pray allow me to get my neck inside." This request was also allowed, and the neck was thrust in.

"How fast the rain begins to fall. I shall get wet through. Will you let me place my shoulders under cover?" This, too, was granted; and so the camel asked for a little, and a little more, until he had pushed his whole body inside the house.

The miller soon began to be put to much trouble by the rude companion he had got in his room, which was not large enough for both, and, as the rain was over, civilly asked him to depart.

"If you do not like it, you may leave," saucily replied the beast. "As for myself, I know when I am well off, and shall stay where I am."

This may show the meanness of unthankfulness, and the folly of giving up too much to bad folks. And the camel may also represent habit. A bad habit almost always begins with a little pleasant indulgence, then more and more, until at last the habit is master.

Keep the camel's nose out. Stop your bad habits in the very beginning. Then you can fill the place God has given you in the world.

NEVER KILLED A BIRD.

"Thanks that I can say that I have never killed a bird. I would not crush the meanest insect that crawls upon the ground. They have the same right to life that I have; they received it from the same Father, and I will not mar the works of God by wanton cruelty.

"I can remember an incident in my childhood which has given a turn to my whole life and character. I found a nest of birds in my father's field, which held four young ones. They had no down when I first discovered them. They opened their little mouths as if they were hungry, and I gave them some crumbs which were in my pocket. Every day I returned to feed them. As soon as school was done, I would run home for

some bread, and sit by the nest to see them eat, for an hour at a time. They were now feathered and almost ready to fly. When I came one morning I found them all cut up into quarters. The grass round the nest was red with blood. Their little limbs were raw and bloody. The mother was on a tree, and the father on the wall, mourning for their young. I cried myself, for I was a child. I thought, too, that the parents looked on me as the author of their miseries, and this made me still more unhappy. I wanted to undeceive them, I wanted to sympathize with and comfort them. When I left the field they followed me with their eyes and with mournful reproaches. I was too young and too sincere in my grief to make any apostrophies. But I can never forget my feelings. The impression will never be worn away, nor can I ever cease to abhor every species of inhumanity toward inferior animals."—

Memoirs of Channing.

And Cowper beautifully chimes in here:

"Let us love mercy,
And teach our sons to love it, too;
Remembering, that he who shows none,
Being ripe in years, and conscious
Of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it
In his turn."

And again:

"Mercy to him who shows it,
Is the rule and righteous limitation
Of its act, by which heaven moves
In pardoning guilty man!"

EFFECTIVE RETALIATION.

A Quaker had a quarrelsome neighbor, whose cow being suffered to go at large, often broke into the Quaker's well-cultivated garden. One morning, having driven the cow from his premises to her owner's house, he said to him: "Friend T—, I have driven thy cow home once more, and if I find her in my garden again—" "Suppose you do?" his neighbor angrily exclaimed, "what will you do?" "Why," said the Quaker, "I'll drive her home to thee again, friend T—." The cow never again troubled the Quaker.

Here is a pretty piece of true philosophy,
which our children could learn and declaim
with profit to themselves and those who
hear them.

MY FRIEND.

Who is my friend? he who doth in me see
Nought but the good I do and fain attempt?
Who all my work doth praise as grand and
good,

And says that better man can ne'er be found?
Who sees no paradox in all I am,
No room to criticise the what I do?
Who deems my inmost thoughts have never
been

Less white or spotless than the driven snow?
Who says no lines by poet ever penned
Are tenderer and sweeter than are mine?
Who to my name and self would add but
fame

To make me equal and above the best?
Who thinks the eminence by me attained
As high as mountain's crest 'bove lowly
vales;

As eagle's flight above the tiny wren's?
Who to my every fault or sin is blind
And thus to flatter me is but inclined?
Is he my friend? I answer "no!" My friend
Is one who sees me as I am at heart;
My faults, my weaknesses, the all that mars
That mooted character—a perfect man—
Or doth prevent my being what my soul
In high ecstatic state doth long to be;
Who is not blind to my defects, but who
Doth lovingly and kindly point them out
That I may overcome and master them;
Who when I stumble on life's rugged road—
As all frail mortals are full apt to do—
Doth say to me: "Arise! press on again,
Ne'er grieving o'er the fall or pain received,
But with renewed ambition onward press,
Avoiding rocks you've stumbled o'er before,
Save but to point them out to other souls,
Perhaps less able to outlive a fall."
He is my friend who when the ones I've loved
Have turned their backs on me in cold dis-
dain,

Who when my staunchest friends—or rather
those
Who've known me long, and I had counted
such—

Do pity me and greet me with a sigh,
In feigned regret that I have missed success,
Doth greet me with a smile and heartiness
That proves he knew I had deserved success,
And given time would yet success achieve.
He is my friend who when the earnings
hard

Of many years doth melt away as snow,
And I from wealth to penury am hurled,
And toil from morn till night to earn my
bread,

Doth still extend to me the hand of love;
Who tells me of the trials he has had,

And how by patient toil he conquered them;
Who tells me of the patriots and those
Who fought their way through difficulties
sore—

Yes, insurmountable to common minds—
And proudly feels that I will onward march
To grand success and its attendant joys;
Yet, though he feels all this, and gives it
voice,

He does not think my life perfection is,
But scans it closely and doth here and there
Point out where I may work and better it.
He is my friend, and though in after years—
When on the scroll of fame my name is
carved

Or he 'neath cruel want or scorn may bend—
The world may laugh that I should call him
such,

Still will I prove to him as true a friend
As he, in my sore need, has been to me.

THE SAILOR BOY IN A STORM.

A young sailor boy was in a storm. He
was indeed a little boy, far better fitted for
thumbing a spelling-book than furling a sail
in a storm. But his mother was a widow, and
there was no other way for the boy to earn a
living for himself and mother than at sea.
The ship was rolling sadly; and some of the
rigging got foul at the mainmast-head, so
that some one must go up to set it straight.
But it was a task of peril. The mate told
the boy to climb to the mast-head. He lifted
his cap and glanced at the swinging mast
and the boiling sea. He stood for a moment
in silence; then rushed across the deck,
and ran down into the cabin. He was there
about two minutes, when he returned and
laid his hands on the ropes, and went up
with a cheerful and brave will.

"My eyes," says a passenger, "followed
him till my head grew dizzy, when I turned
and asked the mate why he sent the boy
aloft, saying he could not come down alive
" 'Why did you send him?'

" 'I did it,' replied the mate, 'to save life.
We have sometimes lost men overboard, but
never lost a boy. See how he holds like a
squirrel. He is careful; he will come down
safe!'

"Again I looked till a tear dimmed my
eye, and I was compelled to turn away, ex-
pecting every moment to hear his last fall.
In about fifteen or twenty minutes, however,
he came down; and raising himself up with

a sense of having performed a manly act, he walked away with a smile on his face.

"In the course of the day I spoke to him, and asked him why he paused when he was ordered up aloft.

"I went, sir," said the boy, "to pray."

"Do you pray?"

"Yes, sir; I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God."

"Where did you learn to pray?"

"At home; my mother wished me to go to the Sabbath school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me, and I do."

"What was that which you had in your jacket pocket?"

"My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought that if I did perish, I would have the Word of God close to my heart."

Who that reads this account acts like the sailor boy at sea? Do we pray? And when do we pray?

Society Record.

TRIBUTE TO THE LIVING.

If our dearly beloved SISTER DOLLY SAXTON will be so good as to live until this number of THE MANIFESTO reaches her at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., we will congratulate her upon reaching her **106 complete years**, and a good life of years too, on May 6, 1881.

We hear her health is still fairly good!

ED.

Received: As a gift for THE MANIFESTO, from J. W. Randolph, Shakers, N. Y., \$5.00. [There are some good folks living, and generously mindful of THE MANIFESTO's interest.]

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

While we would not presume to use our prerogative for the animadversion of any who so kindly love us, and sustain our MANIFESTO as they would and do; yet, we are constrained to offer, in explanation, the reasons for the absence of seven very nicely written, and most respectful mementoes, of as many lately and dearly departed. The publication of these would occupy more

than *eleven pages* of our MANIFESTO. If agreeable to the majority of our readers, we could make up *one* whole number as a literal *Mausoleum*, just to see how it would appear. Having declined several long notices of very eminent individuals, it is only fair and impartial that we hold to this decision—one which we deem would be an agreeable one to those deceased, were they now living—to accept, for publication, no long mortuary notices. We hope for the union and sympathy of all our good folks in the same.

ED.

DECEASED:

At Enfield, N. H., March 24, 1881, CHLOE CHAFFIN, aged 85 years.

Also, suddenly, SALLIE ANN TUCKER, April 4, aged 64 years.

At Harvard, Mass., April 9, MERCY DRING, aged 76 years.

At West Gloucester, Me., April 8, MARY PETERSON, aged 60 years.

At North Union, O., March 17, THOMAS GILES, aged 83.

In the United Society, Shirley, Mass., on the 23d March, ELIZABETH WHITELEY, a native of Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England, aged 80.

At Mt. Lebanon, March 31, ELIZA SHARP, aged 84 years. [This noble woman was sister to that most dearly loved ELDERESS SALLY SHARP, of Western fame, and who once lived in the Central Western Society.]

Also, April 9, SARAH BATES (sister to the late, most highly honored, ELDERESS BETSY BATES), aged 88 years.

The following from an exchange hits the nail on the head: "Intelligence means thrift, honesty and rational enjoyment. Ignorance means vice, poverty, crime, wretchedness. Money spent in educating the people will save ten fold the expense in jails, almshouses and criminal courts. It is the duty of every one to encourage education in every possible way."

A HORSE cannot say yea, but he can neigh.

Book Table.

The *Commercial Advertiser* of New York, lately enlarged, and with new dress, is certainly the best newspaper that hails from the metropolis. Besides being as enterprising as any of its contemporaries in the line of news, its editorials are surpassingly valuable and instructive. Our old and kind friend, H. J. Hastings, is editor and proprietor, and is one of the wisest of nature's noblemen. Send for a sample copy.

Our Little Ones. Published by the Russell Publishing Company, 149 A Tremont street, Boston, Mass. This magazine is a monthly; and for children of ten years or younger, we think it the very best periodical extant. Its illustrations are very numerous and fine. We invite our readers to get copies on trial. Its subscription price is \$1.50 per year.

Home Topics.

DYSPEPSIA.—We get this remedy for the above distressing complaint from one who cured himself, and is now curing doctors of medicine, who have no faith in their own nostrums, yet who are afflicted—and the success has been simply marvelous:

Get two ounces essence wintergreen. Take after each meal, one teaspoonful, in a little water or milk. When relieved, stop taking the dose; but pass the recipe to your nearest afflicted neighbor. G. A. L.

CURE FOR DANDRUFF.—The *Journal of Pharmacy* asserts that a preparation of one ounce of sulphur and one quart of water, repeatedly agitated during intervals of a few hours, will, in a few weeks, remove every trace of dandruff from the scalp, and the hair will become soft and glossy. The head should be saturated every morning with the clear liquid. He says, "I do not pretend to explain the *modus operandi* of the treatment, for it is well known that sublimed sulphur is almost or wholly insoluble, and the liquid used was destitute of taste, color or smell. The effect speaks for itself."

BEEF TEA.—We find in the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*—most excellent authority by the way—the following directions: Beef tea is too well known to need any special recommendation, but it is too often spoiled in the making. One ounce of beef to six tablespoonfuls of water is a fair proportion for a good article. Cut the meat into dice, put it into a stew-pan and add the water cold. Certain components of the beef are soluble in cold water; therefore let it stand ten minutes. Chicken for broth should be boiled for six hours in a covered stone jar set into a pan of boiling water. Gelatine (which was for a long time considered as absolutely innutritious, but is now recognized by the best authorities, as valuable food) renders beef tea or chicken broth more nourishing, and, as a change, more acceptable to the patient. Soak a quarter of an ounce of gelatine in a quarter of a pint of cold water, add to it a cupful of the tea or broth, and stir it over the fire till the gelatine is dissolved, when cold it will be a firm jelly.

The *Boston Transcript* insists that "in the house of the future the bedroom will be dedicated to sleep, and the bed, with perhaps a chair or two, will be the only furniture. There will be no hangings, no papered walls, no carpets, no nothing to catch and hold the dust, and the bed will stand in the middle of the room, where the air can circulate freely around it. The result will be health."

PASTE FOR PAPER.—To ten parts by weight of gum arabic add three parts of sugar in order to prevent the gum from cracking; then add water until the desired consistency is obtained. If a very strong paste is required add a quantity of flour equal in weight to the gum, without boiling the mixture. The paste improves in strength when it begins to ferment.

TOUGHENED LAMP CHIMNEYS.—The following recipe is from a Leipzig journal devoted to the glass interest: Place your tumblers, chimneys, or vessels which you wish to keep from cracking in a pot filled with cold water, add a little cooking salt, allow the mixture to boil well over a fire, and then cool slowly. Glass treated in this way is said not to crack even if exposed to very

sudden changes of temperature. Chimneys are said to become very durable by this process, which may also be extended to crockery, stoneware, porcelain, etc. The process is simply one of annealing, and the slower the process especially the cooling portion of it, the more effective will be the work.

CORNS ON THE FEET.—To cure corns, take one measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpetre, and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of an old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn and apply to the part affected; bind on and leave two or three days and then remove, and the corn will come with it.

The London Medical Journal insists that Bright's disease is the result of the immoderate use of iced drinks, and seeks to prove this with figures showing that the disease prevails in any country in proportion with the amount of ice consumed there. We of the United States use 90 per cent more ice than any European country, and the disease is 75 per cent worse than in Europe. England comes next, while in the wine-drinking countries the disease is very seldom seen, and in semi-civilized nations, where ice is not used, it is wholly unknown.

TO GET RID OF COCKROACHES.—A correspondent writes as follows: "I beg to forward you an easy, clean and certain method of eradicating these loathsome insects from dwelling-houses. A few years ago my house was infested with cockroaches, or 'clocks,' as they are called here, and I was recommended to try cucumber peeling as a remedy. I accordingly, immediately before bed time, strewed the floor of those parts of the house most infested with the vermin with the green peel, cut not very thin, from the cucumber, and sat up half an hour later than usual to watch the effect. Before the expiration of that time the floor where the peel lay was completely covered with cockroaches, so much so that the vegetable could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. I adopted the same plan the following night, but my visitors were not near as numerous—I should think not more than

a fourth of the previous night. On the third night I did not discover one; but, anxious to ascertain whether the house was quite clear of them, I examined the peel after I had laid it down half an hour, and perceived that it was covered with myriads of minute cockroaches, about the size of a flea. I therefore allowed the peel to remain till morning, and from that moment I have not seen a cockroach in the house. It is a very old building, and I can assure you that the above remedy only requires to be persevered in for three or four nights to completely eradicate the pest. Of course it should be fresh cucumber peel every night."—*People & Patriot*, Concord, N. H.

[Perhaps Croton bugs had' better be fed on cucumber rinds?—Ed.]

A CURE FOR THE EPIZOOTY.—As this disease is becoming quite prevalent in many parts of the country, remedies are in order. An old veterinary surgeon of the United States army furnishes the following as a sure cure for the epizooty: "Take one pound of gum assafœtida, mix it with one gallon of boiling water; stir the mixture constantly until the assafœtida is all dissolved. Let the mixture cool. Strain and give the horse half a pint every three hours. This will relieve the horse inside of twelve hours, and give a good appetite."

GRAHAM CUSTARD PIE.—One quart of milk, two eggs, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of graham flour. Beat the eggs and stir all together. The graham flour sinks to the bottom of the pie dish as the custard bakes and forms a good crust. It may appear to be soaked, as custard pie crust often is, but it is not in the least "clammy." It dissolves easily in the mouth and is entirely digestible. A pleasant cream pie is made from the same recipe, leaving out the eggs and using creamy milk or thin cream.

TO REMOVE OLD PAINT.—Slack three pounds of stone quicklime in water, and add one pound American pearl-ash, making the whole into the consistency of paint. Lay over the old work with a brush, and let it remain from twelve to fourteen hours, when the paint is easily scraped off.

FUTURITY.

LORENZO D. GROSVENOR.

The scenes of this earth are not man's destination ;

Life is not a bubble of time's transient wave ;
The spirit, designed for immortal duration,
Fears not the dark shadow of death, nor the grave.

Our ardent desires for the endless fruition
Of hopes and of pleasures that earth cannot give,

The soul's aspirations and keen mental vision
Declare that our spirit shall not cease to live ;—

Else why do the clouds and the rainbows
come o'er us

With beauty and lustre which none can
define,

Then leave us to muse on the picture before
us,

And trace the fair semblance to regions
divine ?

Or why do the stars in the heavens suspended,
That range through immensity, smile in our
view ;

(Their movement, their origin, uncompre-
hended)

And teach us that death will our spring-time
renew.

We are formed for a destiny bright and un-
shaded.

Unlike to the transient enjoyments of time ;
Where strays the bright rainbow, with lustre
unfaded.

Reflecting the rays of that beautiful clime ;

Where the stars are spread out like the isles
of the ocean.

Presenting unchangeable worlds to our sight ;
Where those who here vanish rejoin our de-
votion,

Remaining forever our constant delight.

SUCCESS IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

If you speak the right word at the right
time ; if you are careful to leave people with
a good impression ; if you do not trespass
upon the rights of others ; if you always think
of others as well as yourself ; if you do not
forget the courtesies which belong to your
position, you are quite sure to accomplish
much in life which others with equal abil-
ity fail to do. This is where the race is not
to the swift nor the battle to the strong.
It is where you make people feel that you

are unselfish and honorable, and truthful
and sincere. This is what society is looking
for in men ; and it is astonishing how much
men are able to win for self-respect and
success and usefulness who possess these
qualities or good breeding. It is almost the
turning point of success in practical life.

CHRIST'S DISCIPLE.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny
himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow
me." (Luke ix, 23.)

Would you be my disciple? Consider again.
Can ye follow my footsteps thro' trial and
pain?

Can you throw away pleasure and glory and
fame.

And live but to honor my cause and my
name?"

Can ye turn from the glitter of fashion and
mirth,
And dwell like a pilgrim and stranger on
earth.

Despising your riches, and living to bless ?
Can you follow the feet of the shelterless?

Can ye ask from your heart the forgiveness
of men?

Can ye list to reproaches nor answer again?
Can ye pray that repentance in life may be
theirs.

Who've watched for you falling, who've set
for you snares?

When ye hear I am coming, oh, say, can
you rise,
The joy of your heart springing up in your
eyes?

Can ye come out to meet me, where'er I may
be,

Though ye come on the waves of the storm
crested sea?

When I call can ye turn, and in gladness
depart

From the home of your sunshine, the friends
of your heart?

With nought but my promise in which to
rely,

Afar from your loved can ye lie down and
die ?

Can ye take up the cross that was heavy for
me,

The scoffing and scorn my discipline to be ?
Blest saviour, thou knowest the weakness of
man ;

With strength that thou givest we answer,
we can.

NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine that live and die,
In want, and hunger and cold ;
That one may revel in luxury,
And be lapped in its silken fold,
And ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
And one in a palace with riches rare.

* * * * *

From the sweat of their brows the desert
blooms,

And the forest before them falls ;
Their labor has builded humble homes,
And cities with lofty halls.
And the one owns cities and homes and
lands
And the ninety and nine have empty hands

But the night, so dreary, and dark and
long,

At last shall the morning bring ;
And over the land the victor's song,
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
And echo afar, from zone to zone,
"Rejoice ! for labor shall have its own."

SELECT READINGS.

The Bishop of Manchester said the other day that it was not merely by reading prayers, or preaching sermons, nor even administering sacraments, that the work of winning souls would be accomplished. One of the most urgent needs of the present day was ministers of the Gospel who were not afraid to live among their people, who were not afraid of contact with the poor and outcast, and who had the courage to speak plainly to the rich and high born. As long as there was in their parishes drunkenness, licentiousness, profane swearing, dishonesty, or any of those thousand sins which disfigured life in the midst of all our proudly boasted civilization, there was need for ministers to be imbued with as much prophetic power and evangelizing grace as in the days of the Apostle Paul, in order to do the work that was to be done effectively.

Bishop Foster is reported as saying: "Three out of every four Methodists give nothing to the cause of Christian missions." An exchange tells the story of a man who said, "I've been a Methodist 20 years, and it hasn't cost me a cent." We fear that others outside that church could make the same ingenuous statement.

A SILENT ELOQUENCE.—Remember that by living a pure and holy life you are increasing the general atmosphere of purity. There is a silent eloquence in a moral and religious existence, which acts upon society with irresistible force. It is not confined to the family or social circle, but spreads on every side, like the undulations of the smitten water.

"Persecution produces no sincere conviction, nor any real change of opinion.—On the contrary, it vitiates the public morals by driving men to prevarication, and commonly ends in a general, though secret, infidelity, by imposing under the name of revealed religion, systems of doctrine which men cannot believe and dare not examine."—*Archdeacon Paley.*

THE WAY TO HANDLE SHEEP.

A great many men will catch the sheep by the wool on the back with both hands, and lift the animal clear from the ground by the wool only. We have slaughtered a great many sheep in years past, and when removing the pelts of such sheep as had been handled by the wool, we never failed to observe that beneath the skin wherever the animal had been caught by the wool, blood had settled. In many instances the skin had been separated from the body so that inflammation was apparent. We have known proprietors of sheep to be so strict in regard to handling them, that they would order a helper from the premises, if he were to catch a sheep by the wool or any part of the body. When about to catch a sheep, move carefully towards the one to be taken until you are sufficiently near to spring quickly and seize the beast with both hands, then pass one hand around the body, grasp the brisket, and lift the sheep clear from the ground. The wool must not be pulled. If the sheep is a heavy one, let one hand and wrist be put around the neck and the arm pressed against the leg. We have always handled sheep in the way alluded to. We never grasp the wool. Others seize the sheep by a hind leg, then throw one arm around the body and take hold of the brisket with one hand. But ewes with lambs should never be caught by the hind legs, unless they are handled with extreme care.—*The Farm, Dublin, Ireland.*

BELIEVE AND TRUST.

BY S. C. HALL.

A childless widow, seemingly forsaken,
 Gave words to wrath—rebellious, fierce,
 and wild;
 Wrath that the gift The Giver gave was
 taken;
 And would not pardon God who took her
 child.

She had a wakening-vision, saw a band
 Of happy children; there she knew her boy;
 Each held a lighted lamp in his young hand;
 And, as they passed, each sang a hymn of
 joy.

All but one mournful child, *his* solemn
 tread,
 And face, were gloom; *his* lamp, it had no
 light;
 When, sobbing through her tears, the mother
 said
 "How comes it, dear, your lamp is dark
 as night?"

"Mother!" he said, "you, mother, make
 me sad,
 Your tears put out my lamp; and stay my
 voice;
 I must be mournful when I would be glad,
 And silent when, in soul, I should re-
 joice."

Up rose the mother from her knees, and
 smiled:
 Her sobs were stilled; of tears remained
 none;
 As, bending low, her head towards her
 child,
 She clasped her hands and said "His
 WILL BE DONE."

Out burst the lamp, with a wide-spreading
 light!
 Out burst from all that group, a joyful
 hymn!
 'Twas a change to perfect day from night,
 When heard and echoed by the Seraphim.

The French Chamber has passed a bill for
 the taxation of church property.

To hear patiently, and answer precisely,
 are the great perfections of conversation.

An ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is bet-
 ter than a pound of explanation after you
 have said it.

A very plain minister once said that some
 folks talked like Christians at church and
 like devils at home.

Some men will not shave on Sunday, and
 yet they spend all the week in "shaving"
 their fellow-men: and many fools think it
 very wicked to black their boots on Sunday
 morning, yet they do not hesitate to black
 their neighbor's reputation on week days.

A venerable minister, ripe in the experi-
 ence of many years' labor, once said, near
 the close of his life: "If any church puts
 the work of missions in a corner, the Lord
 will put that church in a corner." Mark it!
 The sad experience of many "cornered"
 churches bears testimony to the truthfulness
 of the words.—*Golden Censor.*

D. M. MOODY suggests that: In all ages
 God has never used a proud man or a
 woman, or a conceited man or conceited
 woman! The men whom God has used in
 all ages were men who got glimpses of them-
 selves, and so got the conceit taken out of
 them, before he used them. It was so with
 Moses; it was so with Job; it was so with
 Isaiah.

THE UNRULY MEMBER.—Thomas Adams,
 who wrote about two hundred years ago, is
 quoted as thus describing the "unruly mem-
 ber."

"To create so little a piece of flesh, and to
 put such vigor into it, to give it neither bones
 nor nerves, yet to make it stronger than
 arms or legs, and those most able and serv-
 iceable parts of the body, required a God,

"Because it is so forcible, therefore hath
 the most wise God ordained, that it shall be
 but little, that it shall be but one, that so
 the depravity and singularity may abate the
 vigor of it. If it were paired, as the arms,
 legs, hands, feet, it would be more unruly;
 for he that cannot tame one tongue, how
 would he be troubled with twain!

No woman knows until she has worn it out
 what a convenience a sewing apron is. Cut
 a small, round apron of calico, or any other
 material which you choose, make a deep
 pocket across the bottom, in which you may
 carry work, and into which your scissors,
 thimble, and thread may slip when you are
 obliged to rise and leave your sewing for a
 short time. The large pocket may be di-
 vided by stitching it through the center, and
 smaller pockets may be added at the top.—
 [N. Y. Post.